Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Caſ. Tis truely ſo.
Deſ. Lets meet him, and receiue him.
Caſ. Loe, where he comes.
Oth. O my faire Warriour.
Deſ. My deare *Othello.*
Oth. It giues me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me: O my ſoules ioy,
If after euery tempeſt, come ſuch calmeneſſe,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death;
And let the labouring Barke clime hilles of ſeas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from heauen; If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be moſt happy, for I feare
My ſoule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknown Fate.
Deſ. The heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Euen as our dayes doe grow.
Oth. Amen to that, ſweet Powers:
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,
It ſtops me here, it is too much of ioy:
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcord be, *kiſſe.*
That ere our hearts ſhall make.
Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But Ile ſet downe the pegs, that makes this muſique,
As honeſt as I am.
Oth. Come, let vs to the Caſtle:
Newes friends, our wars are done, the *Turkes* are dro
How dos my old acquaintance of this Iſle?
Honny, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*;
I haue found great loue amongſt them: O my ſweet;
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote,
In mine owne comforts: I prethee good *Iago*,
Goe to the Bay, and diſimbarke my Coffers;
Bring thou the Maſter to the Citadell:
He is a good one, and his worthineſſe,

Does

Does challenge muc
Once more well met
Iag. Doe thou m
If thou beeſt valiant
a Nobility in their n
the Leiutenant to n
tell thee this, *Deſden*
Rod. With him
Iag. Lay thy fing
me, with what viole
and telling her fanta
ting? let not the diſc
what delight ſhall ſh
is made dull with th
it, and giue ſaciety
in yeares, manners,
in: now for want o
derneſſe will find it
and abhorre the Mo
pell her to ſome ſec
pregnant and vnfo
gree of this fortune
conſcionable, then
mane ſeeming, for
looſe affections: A
that has an eye, ca
aduantage neuer p
yong, and hath all t
looke after; a peſt
him already.
Rod. I cannot
dition.
Iag. Bleſt figs
ſhe had been bleſt
thou not ſee her pa
that?
Rod. Yes, but
Iag. Lechery,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINB